

S 635  
29  
568  
copy 1



# BAKER'S ACTING PLAYS

# America Passes By

*Price, 25 Cents*

*Royalty, \$5.00*



WALTER H. BAKER & CO.  
· BOSTON ·



# H. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

---

**THE AMAZONS** Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, not difficult. Plays a full evening.

**THE CABINET MINISTER** Farce in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Costumes, modern society; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

**DANDY DICK** Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours and a half.

**THE GAY LORD QUEX** Comedy in Four Acts. Four males, ten females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors and an exterior. Plays a full evening.

**HIS HOUSE IN ORDER** Comedy in Four Acts. Nine males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

**THE HOBBY HORSE** Comedy in Three Acts. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery easy. Plays two hours and a half.

**IRIS** Drama in Five Acts. Seven males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

**LADY BOUNTIFUL** Play in Four Acts. Eight males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, four interiors, not easy. Plays a full evening.

**LETTY** Drama in Four Acts and an Epilogue. Ten males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery complicated. Plays a full evening.

**THE MAGISTRATE** Farce in Three Acts. Twelve males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interior. Plays two hours and a half.

---

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

**Walter H. Baker & Company**

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts



# America Passes By

A Play in One Act

By

KENNETH ANDREWS

*Author of "The Year of the Tiger," "A Crooked  
Man and His Crooked Wife," etc.*

## NOTE

Both the amateur and professional stage-rights of this play are strictly reserved. Public performance of the play without permission is forbidden. In the case of amateurs a royalty of \$5.00 for each performance will be charged. Persons wishing to produce this play may apply to the author in care of the publishers.

---

BOSTON

WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1917



# America Passes By

## CHARACTERS

(As originally produced on April 11, 1916, at the Hasty Pudding Theatre,  
Cambridge, Mass., by the Harvard Dramatic Club.)

A YOUNG MAN	.	.	.	.	.	W. H. Roope
HIS FIANCÉE	.	.	.	.	.	Elizabeth S. Allen
A YOUNG HUSBAND	.	.	.	.	.	J. Hammond
HIS WIFE	.	.	.	.	.	Priscilla May

SCENE.—A small flat in Chicago.



COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY KENNETH ANDREWS

*Professional stage and moving picture rights reserved.*

JAN 25 1917

TMP92-008581

©Cl 45930



### PLEASE NOTICE

The professional stage-rights in this play are strictly reserved by the author, to whom applications for its use should be addressed. Amateurs may obtain permission to produce it privately on payment to him of a fee of five dollars (\$5.00) for each performance, in advance. Correspondence on this subject may be addressed to Kenneth Andrews, in care of the publishers.

Attention is called to the penalties provided by law for any infringements of his rights, as follows :

"SEC. 4966:—Any person publicly performing or representing any dramatic or musical composition for which copyright has been obtained, without the consent of the proprietor of said dramatic or musical composition, or his heirs and assigns, shall be liable for damages therefor, such damages in all cases to be assessed at such sum, not less than one hundred dollars for the first and fifty dollars for every subsequent performance, as to the court shall appear to be just. If the unlawful performance and representation be wilful and for profit, such person or persons shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction be imprisoned for a period not exceeding one year."—U. S. REVISED STATUTES, *Title 60, Chap. 3.*







# America Passes By

---

SCENE.—*The living-room of a small flat. It is a delightful little room furnished with care and taste; bright, but not flashy. At the rear is a double doorway opening into the "square hall." In the hall are visible a hat-stand with its mirror, a bag of golf clubs, etc. In the living-room, to the left of the hall doorway, is a tall piano lamp (though there is no piano) with a deep amber shade. At the right of the doorway is a small square black table with visiting cards upon it. In front of the wide low fireplace, which is at the right and quite far front, is a davenport attractive enough of itself and in harmony with the walls and hangings, but too large for the room. Indeed the room has evidently been decorated with this piece of furniture in mind. In the left-hand wall, almost opposite the fireplace, is a window which is also too large for the room: plainly having been constructed with a view to its exterior aspects. In front of the window is a bright brass smoking set. Grouped about are several smart but rather comfortable looking chairs.*

(ANNE appears in the hall, followed by KATE. ANNE has given her coat to KATE, and is removing her hat and veil. ANNE is a very pretty girl, but she is dressed very plainly and beside KATE she seems almost dowdy. KATE is like the living-room: bright but not flashy. Her striking "house-gown" is tasteful enough—on her.)

KATE (*hanging ANNE's coat on the hat-stand*). Hurry with the veil. I'm dying to see what you look like.

ANNE (*surrendering her hat and veil*). Ho! You embarrass me!

KATE (*putting her arm about ANNE and bringing her into the room*). Did I? Oh, I'm so sorry. But we haven't a single manner. There simply isn't room for them in a honeymoon flat.

ANNE (*as they sit on the davenport*). So this is the flat at last. (*She can't resist a glance around.*)



KATE (*seizing her hands*). And this is Anne! at last.

ANNE (*smiling*). Do you think I look like a missionary?

KATE. No! (*Springs up.*) Oh, dear me! I forgot. (*She flies to the little black table and takes a bright new Bible from the drawer.*) Bill told us to be sure and have it in a conspicuous place. So we bought one specially—just for fun. (*Glee-fully she places it on the mantelpiece.*) There.

ANNE (*a little startled*). Well, I—I am a sort of a missionary: I've always tried to help—you knew that, didn't you?

KATE (*undaunted*). Dear me, yes. I mean, we heard *all* about you from Bill. (*Again on the davenport beside her.*) He does so love to talk about his fiancée.

ANNE (*puzzled*). Bill?

KATE. Yes. Don't you call him Bill?

ANNE. No, I—I call him Benjamin.

KATE. Oh, of course. But we always called him Bill. I don't know why it seemed to fit him.

ANNE. Fit him? Bill? I don't see why it fits him, I'm afraid.

KATE. Well—we grew up together, you know—and when Bill was a little kiddie he used to say (*imitating*), "I wish my name was Bill. It sounds tough." So we ——

(*She breaks off, laughing.*)

ANNE. Hm.

KATE. He always wrote about you as "the other white person in Japan."

ANNE (*laughing*). That's like him. Oh, it was so wonderful, Mrs. ——

KATE. Don't call me Missus. Mercy! Call me Kate!

ANNE. You see, K-Kate, I've always lived in Japan ——

KATE. Never been in America before! Think of that!

ANNE. And when Benjamin came —— You won't mind if I talk about him? You'll understand because you've just married.

KATE (*dubiously accepting this*). We-ell, two months.

ANNE. I do so want to talk about him. There's been no one but old maids, and missionaries—and that's not the same ——

KATE (*throwing her arms about her*). You poor child! Tell me everything! What would be the fun of being in love if you couldn't talk about it?



ANNE (*laughing*). It was such a perfect love-story. Most of it happened in a wonderful Japanese garden, full of big shadows and stone lanterns and everything.

KATE. Just what Bill said : a perfect love-story !

ANNE. And Benjamin was such a perfect prince—so just a boy, and ——

KATE. Bill certainly is a prince.

ANNE. And we think we'd like to live always near the garden. Perhaps we shall. Benjamin hasn't quite decided ——

KATE (*aghast*). Bill a missionary !

ANNE. He was fully in the notion in Japan—and in the garden. But . . . America seems to have changed him.

KATE (*wide-eyed*). You say he was in the notion in Japan ?

ANNE (*innocently*). Yes. Why not ?

KATE. N-nothing. Only we thought you'd live in Chicago. Pa and I had picked out the flat for you ——

ANNE. Pa ?

KATE. Yes. Ha, ha ! I call him "Pa."

ANNE. You mean your father ?

KATE (*stifling a laugh*). No ! I mean George !

ANNE. Oh, your husband.

KATE. Yes, I can't seem to get used to calling him "my husband."

ANNE. So you call him "Pa" ?

KATE. Yes. It's silly, isn't it ?

ANNE (*tapping her foot in thought*). And—he calls you—"Ma" ?

KATE (*embarrassed*). Yes.

ANNE. Oh !

KATE. You see, P-P—George and I thought it would be so jolly to have you two across the street—and we wanted you to get married in our flat ——

ANNE. It would be jolly, I suppose, if I could ever learn to be an American.

KATE. Better than Japan, don't you think ?

ANNE. I—I sometimes wonder. Benjamin has s-seemed different in Chicago. America seems to have changed him. But that's just silly. It's just that I'm so terribly sensitive. If anything should happen !

KATE (*from the heights of her two months' experience*). That's it. I was the same way. Pa tried to get away twice after we were engaged.

ANNE (*shocked and mystified*). To get away ?



KATE. Yes, indeed. They will if you don't watch them.

*(She goes to the doorway and stands listening.)*

ANNE. Oh, Kate, I—I didn't mean that. But I *know* how good Benjamin is, that he does have such dear ideals, and—of course that sounds like an engaged girl——

KATE *(listening)*. There they come at last. I do hope no one sees them.

ANNE. Where is Benjamin? I thought he'd meet me here.

KATE. He and Pa stepped out after a pail of b——

*(She catches herself and looks at ANNE.)*

ANNE. A what!

KATE *(laughing uncomfortably)*. You see, Pa thought since Bill had been away for so long, they ought to have a kind of a party, as he said. So——

ANNE. What did they go to get? *(As though hurt.)*

KATE. Well, they went to get a pail of beer. Of course that's just what they said.

ANNE *(a little bewildered)*. I—suppose I'm silly and narrow, but that does seem a little strange——

KATE. Anne, dear! We never drink—— It was just an impulse—— Of course just beer. They—sillies—said it would be so “clubby” and plebeian. A pail, you know!

*(Her enthusiasm for the “party” is plainly forced, and fails to infect ANNE.)*

ANNE. I shan't s-spoil anything. You needn't explain——

KATE. There they are. Just excuse me. *(She goes out with assumed airiness. Her voice, in a clearly audible whisper, outside.)* But, Bill, you old loon, you knew she wouldn't like it!

BILL *(outside)*. Ah, the dickens, we've only——

KATE *(outside)*. Not so loud, she'll hear you!

BILL *(outside, a few degrees huskier)*. Well, she's got to learn——

KATE *(outside)*. Sh-sh-sh! She'll hear you!

BILL *(outside)*. Oh, rot! Where is she?

KATE *(outside)*. Pa! Give me the beer!

*(As ANNE listens to this rather undignified colloquy there is a stiffness and primness in her attitude which she would probably deplore if she realized it.)*



*Enter BILL. He is a young man of abundant energy and enthusiasm, just now a bit flushed from his argument with KATE, and inclined to bluster to hide his discomfort.*

BILL (*seeing ANNE*). Well, here we are at last! Isn't this a little nest? (*Goes to her and starts to kiss her.*)

ANNE (*stopping him*). Oh, should you?—well.

(*She holds up her lips; he kisses her.*)

BILL (*loudly*). Come in, Pa! (*GEORGE enters. Very much the young husband, breezy with the first flush of happy married life; young and comfortably prosperous. As GEO. enters.*) Here we are! This is George, Anne. Not very pretty, but sweet and clean.

ANNE (*smiling and shaking hands*). How do you do? So this is George.

GEO. "George," that's right. And we call you "Anne," Ma and I, in the bosom of the family, so to speak. Mustn't mind if we slip.

KATE (*returning*). Now, Pa, stop trying to be polite. I've told her we haven't any manners.

BILL (*softly to KATE*). What did you do with it?

GEO. (*to ANNE*). I'm glad she warned you —

KATE (*firmly*). I threw it in the sink.

BILL. What?

GEO. (*wheeling*). Threw it — !

(*There is a sudden silence as BILL, GEO. and KATE become conscious of ANNE.*)

BILL (*to relieve the impending strain*). Hm, hm. Well, well. Here we are; the four of us. And you two actually married—the world moves!

GEO. (*his arm about KATE*). Ma, don't you just want to sit and look at him? Home again!

BILL. And that's the greatest feeling in the world.

KATE. And don't you think for a minute you're ever going to run away and be a missionary!

GEO. (*shouting*). What! Who?

BILL. Good lord, Kate! Can't you take a joke?

GEO. Bill a missionary! And he just told a bartender we weren't buying foam, but *beer*!

KATE. George! (*She gives GEO. a terrible look. The*



three of them look at ANNE, realizing that they have been ignoring her completely. ANNE sits staring into the fireplace. KATE, going to her : gushingly). My dear, won't you come out in the kitchen with me? The dinner's all ready to go on the range. I want you to see what a wonderful housekeeper I am.

ANNE (*rising*). Yes. Let me help. I—I want to learn.

(*They go arm in arm : GEO. and BILL stand looking after them.*)

BILL. What d'you think of her, George?

GEO. Anne? She's a marvel.

BILL (*enthusiastically*). Isn't she? You—er—you really think so?

GEO. She's a wonder. (*Goes to smoking-set.*) Come on. Have a weed.

BILL. I—I sort of cut them out, George.

GEO. (*in dismay*). No!

BILL (*joining GEO.*). She—rather wanted me to. What are they?

GEO. Fatima, of loving memory.

(*Puts one in BILL's mouth.*)

BILL. Home again. (*Lights the cigarette, as GEO. holds a match for him.*) I used to crawl around through a temple yard next door over there begging the damn little idols for one. (*He stretches out in a chair.*)

GEO. I'll bet. Now what about Kate? Has she grown up into a regular little person?

BILL (*slowly*). "A regular little person." I like that. I suppose that's up-to-now American.

GEO. I'm asking you about the Missus.

BILL. She's a regular little person. American, George, all through. Gee! You don't know what that means.

GEO. Don't I? I'm the most married man you ever saw. And we've got the flat picked out for you and Anne. Just across the street.

BILL. Look here, you know. I want you to be frank about it. You honestly think Anne is—well, what you expected?

GEO. Why, yes, she's a baby, Bill. Of course —

(*He stops uncertainly.*)



BILL (*turning to him*). Of course what, George? Don't be afraid.

GEO. We-ell—a wee bit religious, I suppose. But we'll make her one of the family if we have to go to church.

(*Reassuringly he bangs BILL on the shoulder.*)

BILL. That's fine of you, George. I—I—you know I was simply a fool about her—in Tokyo.

GEO. (*quickly*). You mean you're not now?

BILL. Well, that's it. Am I?

GEO. Hm. If you were to ask me —

BILL. Shut up, George. I—I suppose it's the shock of getting back. I feel as though I'd been away from civilization for centuries.

GEO. Do you think she's changed?

BILL. Not a bit of it. She's pure gold—but somehow or other the charm of it's gone.

GEO. Well, she's crazy about you, I can see that.

BILL. Can you? Hm, that makes me happy as the devil.

(*He walks restlessly to the window.*)

GEO. Of course a man has to be careful. Can't be too careful.

BILL. Did you ever have—doubts?

GEO. Ye-es, but I got over them. Don't know just how —

BILL. With Kate it would be different.

GEO. (*with sudden decision*). I'm going to tell you something, old wagon; I wouldn't butt in on a bet; and if Anne's the girl for you, she's the girl for the four of us —

BILL (*turning back to him*). Go it. Talk straight from the shoulder.

GEO. Take it for what it's worth. The Company marooned me for eight months in a little county seat in Iowa. Two trains passed through the town every day—except Sunday—that's all that ever happened there. And lonesome, Lord —

BILL. I know. I went for three weeks once without seeing a white man.

GEO. Think of eight months in darkest Iowa. Then along came Mary. Mary was the general storekeeper's daughter, fair, frank and freckled. I'd been starving for a little small



talk for six months. You know how I took to Mary. She wasn't a beauty, of course. But she looked to me like the queen of the movies.

BILL (*with relish*). "The Queen of the Movies"!

GEO. Two weeks of Mary, and I wrote up to Kate—we were engaged at the time—and tried to start an argument.

BILL. "Start an argument"! (*In delight, mostly to himself.*)

GEO. But Katie, thank the good Lord, was wise, and too proud to fight. Then I came back to Chicago; and some time later Mary and her dear mother paid a visit to the city. Bill (*shaking his head sadly*), when I saw Mary in the reception room of the club it knocked me out.

BILL. I know the feeling.

GEO. Something about the incongruity of it—she was here three days and I lost five pounds a day. And when she went home I simply ruined a typewriter ribbon trying to tell Kate I wanted to get married.

BILL (*thoughtfully*). I see. I hadn't seen a real American girl for three years. Anne came along —

GEO. This environment thing is a peculiar machine.

BILL. Our love-story was perfect—simply perfect in Japan. But it doesn't seem to go in Chicago—for me.

GEO. Watch it, Bill, watch your step. Just let America pass by. That's what I did with Chicago and Mary. It cured me.

BILL. That's it: let America pass by! For this getting back to civilization has been a tremendous shock. Oh, it's been glorious! America! America! Why, it just rose up and slammed me on the shoulder in San Francisco. And ever since it's been pressing in, pressing in! Life, you know! Real people! Nineteen hundred and now! And somehow—I do hate to say it—Anne isn't a part of America. America is pressing in, and it seems that, in spite of everything, it's pressing her out.

GEO. If the little romance doesn't bear transplanting, old man, let 'er wither.

BILL. But that month in Tokyo is like a dream. (*Very thoughtfully.*) I shudder to think of spoiling that for her—or for myself.

KATE (*appearing in the doorway and staring at BILL*). What on earth's he doing, Pa? Praying?

BILL (*turning guiltily*). Where's Anne?



KATE. In the kitchen. She makes me ashamed of myself. She knows twice as much as I do.

BILL. About—cooking?

GEO. (*removing the fluffy white apron which KATE has over her gown*). Wait till you're married, Bill: you'll realize how important that is —

KATE (*taking the apron from him, wheeling him about and fastening it around his waist*). I think she's lovely, Bill.

GEO. (*as he submits to having the apron fastened on him*). You see, Bill, what it brings us to: hook-worms and kitchen mechanics.

KATE (*as she finishes tying the apron on him*). Poor old Pa, poor old Pa! (*Rises to her tiptoes and kisses him on the back of the head*.) There. Go out and show Anne how well I've trained you.

(GEO. goes out.)

BILL (*when GEO. is gone*). So you like Anne?

KATE. Oh, she's a dear.

BILL. Honest?

KATE (*surprised*). Why, yes. I love her, or shall.

BILL (*suddenly pointing*). Are those shoes the latest?

KATE (*pressing back her skirts and putting her feet together*). Yes, sir. Do you like them?

BILL. I love them!

KATE (*still stooping: looking up at him*). Love them?

BILL. Love 'em! You don't know what those shoes are to me. Something I've been hungering for for three years.

KATE (*laughing*). And they only cost four-thirty-six. I got them at a sale. Now tell me about yourself.

BILL. And I'm crazy about that dress. There's something ultra-American about it.

KATE. This? Bill! It's a year old!

BILL. Never. It's the newest thing in the world.

KATE. Dear me! Go on. What do you think of my hair?

(*She looks at him brightly, and gives her head a little flirt.*)

BILL (*rising in his enthusiasm*). Splendid! Kate, some time I want you to do that again for me—some time when I'm not expecting it.

KATE (*at a loss*). What?

BILL. Turn your head, just that way! I'd forgotten, plumb forgotten that women did it!



KATE (*laughing uncertainly*). Silly. Tell me about Japan.

(KATE *arranges herself on the davenport prepared to believe anything.*)

BILL (*all life gone out of his manner*). It's a beautiful country.

KATE. How specific! Do they dance there?

BILL. No—not as we do. (*Warms up again.*) The men and women don't dance together. They don't twist themselves into outlandish postures, and make glorious fools of themselves, and get their heads ringing with the jolliest, craziest, liveliest tunes in the world—and—(*stopping out of breath*) as we do. God bless us!

KATE. My! Then you haven't been to a dance for three years!

BILL. It seems about three hundred.

KATE (*clasping her hands*). Then, Bill! You don't know a single one of the new dances!

BILL. No. Are there some?

KATE (*shrieking*). You poor old foreigner! Here—(*seizing him*) do let me show you!

(*She starts a "syncopated walk."*)

BILL. W-wait! What's the general idea? I can two-step!

KATE. Sh-sh! The flat's small. Some one might hear you. Now watcher step.

(*She leaves him and executes a graceful little fox-trot, swaying, and "hesitating," and gliding; whirls around lightly, smiling at him.*)

BILL (*with a sigh, as he watches*). America passes by!

KATE (*bowing*). There you are. Mrs. Castle, n'est-ce pas?

BILL. Mrs. Who?

KATE. Castle, Bill! You don't know about Mr. and Mrs. Vernon?

BILL. I admit it. Should I know them?

KATE. No hope. And you don't know a single Ford story?

BILL. Sewell Ford? Wrote about Shorty McCabe?

KATE. Lovely, Bill, how lovely! A Ford is what you get



when you can't afford an automobile. There are people who can't even get a Ford. Pa and I are some.

BILL. Oh—the name of a car.

KATE. And every one should have a Ford story. But they're all old now. Mine was the one about the man who drove his Ford up a hill, and let one of his feet hang outside.

BILL. Go on. It's new to me.

KATE. Fancy that! Well, everybody thought it was a roller skate.

BILL. What?

KATE. The *Ford*!

BILL. Oh, I see! Ha, ha! Because it was so small, eh?

KATE. Yes, Bill, because it was so small. That's right —

*(Above the sound of a ragtime piano is heard.)*

BILL. *(raising his eyes to the ceiling)*. Just a minute! Is —? That's ragtime!

KATE. The joys of living in a flat.

BILL *(dropping on the arm of the davenport, and gazing raptly at the ceiling)*. Ragtime!

KATE *(whispering very confidentially)*. It's the little girl up-stairs; she can do it for hours!

BILL *(raising his hands in ecstasy)*. Kate, it's more American than a bright new copper penny!

KATE *(seeing that he likes it she proceeds to interpret American ragtime for him: watching him, and moving her hands, shoulders and head with the melody)*. "Come along with me—we'll have a jubilee—in my old Kentucky ho-ome!" *(The tune up-stairs changes.)* R-r-run me up—and down the keeecs—ta-ta-tumtum—my harmoneeees—ta-ta-tumtum—are sure to pleecees —

BILL. Sounds like "Silver Threads."

KATE *(chanting the words into the tune)*. Yes—it—is syncopated Silver Threads — *(Breathlessly she drops into a chair.)* Everything is syncopated now! Hum.

*(Again the tune changes.)*

BILL. What's that one?

KATE. "Aw-merica—I lo-ove you—and there's a hun-dred milyun oth-ers like me!" Bang! What do you think of that?

BILL. It's awful: perfectly awful. But I love it! A "hun-dred million others like me"—that's the way I feel about get-



ting back. Just like that. Back among my own people—where there's a hundred million others like me. That's a great feeling after three years in the wilderness!

KATE (*bromidically*). Still, I'd like to travel. I think it's so broadening.

BILL (*brought to earth with a thud*). The deuce you would!

KATE. I think one learns more from a year's travel than from a college education.

BILL (*in joy*). Old bromides! Old bromides, new slang—I don't know which I like the best!

KATE (*suddenly sniffing*). Georgie!

GEO. (*from the kitchen*). Yes, m'dear?

KATE. Turn the meat!

GEO. (*from the kitchen*). Yes, m'dear. Which way shall I turn it?

KATE (*springing up and dashing out*). Oh! Can't you smell it?

GEO. (*from the kitchen*). Ye-as, m'dear. (*When she is gone BILL rises and heaves a sigh of happiness. The music has begun again up-stairs. BILL hums: "Where there's a hundred million others like me." He moves to the window and holds aside the curtain, looking out with a whimsical smile. "America I love you . . . a hundred million others like me!"*)

(*ANNE has entered. Silently she watches his devotions, as she removes her apron and wipes her hands on it. She sits on the davenport, and waits for him to finish.*)

ANNE (*over her shoulder*). They told me to come in, Benjamin; they said it would be our last chance to be alone.

BILL (*starting and turning*). Oh, Anne! I didn't hear you come in.

(*He looks at her as though he had forgotten her existence.*)

ANNE. They assumed that we would want to be together.

BILL (*taking a step toward her*). Well—don't we?

ANNE (*smiling and holding out her hands to him*). Why, of course. (*BILL sits beside her on the davenport holding her hands.*) So this is George and Kate.

BILL. Aren't they the best fellows in the world! Properly,



I suppose I should call them "real and regular." Don't you like that?

ANNE. Like what, Benjamin?

BILL. "Real and regular": just the phrase. It's American, fresh from the mint.

ANNE. Hm. I'm afraid I don't see quite what it means.

BILL. Well, don't you think Pa and Ma are great?

ANNE. Yes, they're jolly—and your friends.

BILL. (*cooled somewhat*). You know—they mean a lot to me.

ANNE. Yes. I can see they do.

BILL. (*rising uncomfortably*). I don't know quite what you mean. I—I'm afraid you don't understand how well I like them.

ANNE. It all seems so very different.

BILL. What's different?

ANNE. Everything. I didn't think their flat would be like this in Tokyo.

BILL. To me their flat's a bit of Heaven.

ANNE (*looking up at him*). Is this what we want to do with our lives?

BILL (*studying her curiously*). You mean—it isn't?

ANNE. When we spend evenings like this are we making any one happier? Is this the life of service we planned in Tokyo?

BILL. Oh! Anne, that's ridiculous.

ANNE. You didn't think it was ridiculous in Tokyo.

BILL. Didn't I? Well . . . isn't that peculiar? It's true: I didn't.

ANNE. Oh! What has made such a change in you? You're not as you were in Tokyo. I can't believe you're the same person at all!

BILL (*unhappily*). I know, Anne. You have felt it then.

ANNE. Felt it! No, I haven't! I've fought it away.

BILL. But I know what you mean. You seem like a stranger to me.

ANNE (*very bitterly and helplessly*). What has made the difference? You are you, and I am I! What has happened to us?

BILL. I think perhaps it's . . . America.

ANNE. America! Where we thought we'd be so happy. Oh, it's all so boisterous and harsh. It's hateful. Chicago is hideous!



BILL. I'm afraid there's just the trouble, Anne. To me Chicago is glorious.

ANNE. How can you say that? It's selfish, brutal ——

BILL (*insisting quietly*). No, I love Chicago.

ANNE. After the simplicity and beauty of Japan. We were so close to life there!

BILL. Close to life. It wasn't life at all. It's here we're in life. I love the smell of the asphalt. I love the gloom and dusk that lurks under the trestles of the elevated. A traffic cop is a masterpiece!

ANNE. Don't talk so!

BILL. I even like the posters on the streets, with their stiff green lines and horribly skinny men. It's a profound experience for me to walk down Michigan Avenue: pearl gray shoes, blue silk, white fur, derby hats, the English language, horn spectacles, cigars, mustaches, shop-windows, sky-signs—oh! America!

ANNE (*laughing a little*). Of—of course you're glad to be home again ——

BILL. Home again! *Alive* again!

ANNE. But those things are all foreign to me, Benjamin; foreign, foreign.

BILL (*touched and going to her*). Anne—don't mind me. I can't help it. I love them all!

ANNE (*miserably*). Those trivial, silly things ——

BILL. Those are just the sparkles on the surface. These stunning, ultra, elaborately simple creations are just part of our blessed struggle for the next thing, new discoveries, new effects, new beauties from life. That striving, that joyous, mad scramble for new things, bright new things, somehow is America. It all stirs something in me to the sizzling point!

ANNE. And it all distresses me, and hurts me and confuses me!

BILL. Anne, I'm mad to get into the big procession: just a tiny niche in one of those skyscrapers—with typewriters clicking all about me—that's all I want if I can feel I'm a part of it all.

ANNE (*desperately*). And don't you know I can never be a part of it—it is stylish and modern, and I am not ——

BILL. Stylish and modern—and young. The Youth of All the World! That's why I love it!

ANNE. And in Japan we said we wanted things that are simple and clean.



BILL. I'd forgotten what a great old century we're living in. The music of passing motor cars! Why, when I got into that Northwestern Station and looked up at those stretches of marble, and heard a roar about "The next train—for Evans-ton!" and saw a news-stand glittering with the colors of new magazines, and heard the newsboys croaking, "Wuxtree, Tenth Edition!" I wanted to throw my hat on the floor and jump on it.

ANNE. Yes. I've felt it coming. It's all worse than the heathen things the Japanese do. At least they have a God!

BILL. Yes, it's true. This plunge into the living has done something to us. Mrs. Vernon Castle! Fifty thousand people at a football game. It's all America!

ANNE (*sitting on the davenport; looking away from him; with a change of voice*). Benjamin, do you think you love me—still?

BILL (*his jaw dropping*). Why—of course I do. Anne, how could you ask such a question!

ANNE. It wasn't easy—or politic, I suppose.

BILL. But don't—I mean let's not—this has nothing to do with our—our love—(*with an effort*) dear.

ANNE. Oh! If I could think so! But for instance, Benjamin——

BILL (*as though he had endured it too long*). I wish you wouldn't call me that.

ANNE. What?

BILL. What you just called me: Benjamin. Nobody ever does except to jolly me. I wish you'd call me Bill.

ANNE. Well . . . Bill . . . do you think I could ever wear my hair as Kate does? Or wear shoes like hers? And stockings that really seem vulgar to me?

BILL. Good Lord! Why not?

ANNE. Some girls can dress—well, stylishly—others can't. It's not a mere matter of putting on the clothes. I couldn't do it, ever. Even if I—I loved you. I couldn't.

BILL (*after a slight pause*). Of—course, that's a little thing.

ANNE (*on the point of giving way to her emotion at last*). No! I think it's a big thing—enormous, and strange—and pitiless! (*Her voice breaks; she buries her face in her arms.*)

BILL (*surprised; coming to her kindly*). Why, Anne!

ANNE (*bitterly*). Don't feel sorry for me! I really couldn't stand that!

BILL (*standing awkwardly behind her*). We—we can't



quite understand it. I—I know you're right, Anne. I think perhaps —

ANNE. It would be better if I said it, don't you think? You're trying to be a gentleman—and that's good of you.

BILL (*helplessly*). Let's be careful. Why, here we are in George's flat. We mustn't spoil it. We've dreamed of it so often—and here's our dream come true!

ANNE. I was going to say that in Japan you thought I was—well—beautiful.

BILL (*dutifully; but without conviction*). I—I think so—still.

ANNE (*with a little laugh*). I think that ends our engagement! (*With a start she faces him, and for a moment they stand looking rather stupidly at each other. Turns away from him.*) And in Japan I was Youth and America—all your life lacked there. And you were that to me: Youth and what I thought America was. You see now that I am not American at all, and not young in your way. And your youth that I loved there is different in its own environment. It is something I cannot understand—or love, Benjamin . . . Bill.

BILL. You're brave about it. Anne, that's like you.

ANNE. I—I have wondered if the boy and girl we were in Japan—for we were so young there—aren't over in Tokyo—still.

BILL. It's all very strange, Anne. I'm afraid those two—that is what they were to each other—were part of the pine trees, and tea-houses, and bamboo lattices —

ANNE (*breathlessly*). —and stone lanes, and old temples, and paper lanterns, and oh —! Yes! I suppose our—our love is still over there. I shouldn't care to bring it to Chicago!

BILL (*earnestly*). Anne! We must try —

ANNE. We have tried. When a dream fades, you can't bring it back.

BILL. Dear, you don't mean we —

ANNE (*looking at him, fully realizing the irony of her words*). Bill—I shan't let you marry me.

BILL. Strange. If you'd said that two months ago, I'd have committed *hara-kiri*.

ANNE. Yes. But that was in Japan.

KATE (*from the kitchen*). Honk! Honk! We're coming. Take separate chairs.

ANNE. Benjamin! I can't stand it. Won't you put your arms around me—as if you loved me —



BILL (*hastily sitting beside her and taking her in his arms*). It's a beastly shame, Anne.

ANNE. It's just my little pride. All the things I told Kate about you, and our love. Try to make them think we love each other, just during dinner and this evening. Please!

(KATE and GEO. *appear in the door.*)

KATE. Oh, oh, oh! Look at these very young people, Pa! Aren't they silly?

BILL. Dinner ready, Pa?

(ANNE and BILL *rise*; BILL *keeps his arm about ANNE.*)

GEO. All ready.

KATE (*going to ANNE and BILL, putting her arms around them both, squeezing them together and drawing them toward the door*). Oh! You two old spooners! We've been dreaming of this little dinner for ages and ages—with just us four! (*Over her shoulder to GEO.*) Oh, Pa! Isn't it jolly? They're going to sit in their own places at our table. Anne and Bill at last!

GEO. It's bully, old lady.

CURTAIN







---

# New Plays for Female Characters

---

## LUCIA'S LOVER

A Farce in Three Acts

*By Bertha Currier Porter*

Eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays an hour and a half. A bright and graceful piece, light in character, but sympathetic and amusing. Six contrasted types of girls at boarding-school are shown in a novel story. Lots of fun, but very refined. Easy to produce and can be strongly recommended.

*Price, 25 cents*

## A GIRL IN A THOUSAND

A Comedy in Four Acts

*By Evelyn Gray Whiting*

Fourteen females. Costumes, modern; scenes, three interiors and an exterior. Plays a full evening. Very strong and sympathetic and of varied interest. Irish comedy; strong "witch" character; two very lively "kids"; all the parts good. Effective, easy to produce, and can be strongly recommended to young people as thoroughly wholesome in tone as well as amusing.

*Price, 25 cents*

## A VIRGINIA HEROINE

A Comedy in Three Acts

*By Susie G. McGlone*

Eleven female characters. Scenery, easy; costumes, modern. Plays one hour and forty-five minutes. Irish and negro comedy parts, and two character parts; most of the characters young. A very easy and interesting play for girls, well suited for school performance. Romantic interest with lots of comedy.

*Price, 25 cents*

## HOW THE STORY GREW

An Entertainment for Women's Clubs, in One Act

*By O. W. Gleason*

Eight female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, unimportant; may be given on a platform without any. Plays forty-five minutes. A very easy and amusing little piece, full of human nature and hitting off a well-known peculiarity of almost any community. Written for middle-aged women, and a sure hit with the audience.

*Price, 15 cents*

*Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by*

BAKER, 5 Hamilton Place. Boston, Mass.



---

# New Plays

---

## PLAIN PEOPLE

### A Comedy Drama in Four Acts

*By Dana F. Stevens*

Five males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening. A strong and human piece full of humorous character drawing and sympathetic interest. The cast is very even in opportunity, and all the parts are good. A great play for a good club, and a sure winner. Strongly recommended. Free for amateur performance.

*Price, 25 cents*

#### CHARACTERS

EZRA BROMLEY, *storekeeper*.  
ALMIRA BROMLEY, *housewife*.  
MARTIN JASPER BROMLEY, *college man*.  
LIZA LIZ HANKINS, *brat*.  
JUDGE JOTHAM MARLEY, *Christian*.  
MELISSY WATKINS, *elderly maiden*.  
JONAS JARROCK, *farmer*.  
BELINDY JARROCK, *seamstress*.  
HIRAM CURTIS PECK, *seller*.  
APRIL BLOSSOM, *help*.

#### SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Sitting-room behind Ezra Bromley's store. Morning.

ACT II.—The same. Some days later.

ACT III.—At the Jarrocks'. Some weeks later.

ACT IV.—At the Bromleys'. Later in the evening.

## FOOLING FATHER

### A Comedy in One Act

*By R. M. Robinson*

Three males. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays thirty minutes. A clever little play easily done and very effective. The boys arrange a little burglary just to show the old gentleman what heroes they are, but somehow things do not turn out right for the hero part. Can be recommended.

*Price, 15 cents*

## AT THE JUNCTION

### A Farce in One Act

*By Charles S. Bird.*

Three males, two females. Costumes, modern; scene, an easy interior. Plays thirty minutes. A bright and vivacious little farce for two young couples and a comic station agent, very easy and effective. All the parts are first rate, and that of the station agent is a corker. Can be strongly recommended.

*Price, 15 cents*



---

---

## New Plays

---

### THE REBELLION OF MRS. BARCLAY

A Comedy of Domestic Life

In Two Acts

*By May E. Countryman*

Three male, six female characters. Costumes modern; scenery, easy interiors. Plays one hour and three quarters. A clever and amusing comedy with a very popular cast; all the parts evenly good. There are many Mr. Barclays making their homes more or less uncomfortable all over this country, and Mrs. Barclay's method of curing her particular one will be sympathetically received. Good Irish comedy parts, male and female. Strongly recommended.

*Price, 25 cents*

#### CHARACTERS

MORTON BARCLAY.

ROGER STUART, *a neighbor.*

DENNIS O'HARA.

ETHEL BARCLAY, *Morton's wife.*

RUTH CARTER, *Ethel's sister.*

MRS. BROWN, *Morton's sister.*

CORA, *her daughter.*

ELSIE STUART, *Roger's sister.*

MARY ANN O'CONNOR.

### PA'S NEW HOUSEKEEPER

A Farce in One Act

*By Charles S. Bird*

Three male, two female characters. Modern costumes; scenery, a simple interior or none at all. Plays forty minutes. A roaring farce of the "Charley's Aunt" order, admirably suited for high-school performance. Jack Brown, visiting his chum, is tempted by his success in college theatricals to make up in the character of the new housekeeper, an attractive widow, who is expected but does not arrive. He takes in everybody and mixes things up generally. All the parts are first rate and the piece full of laughs and action. Strongly recommended.

*Price, 15 cents*

### A PRODIGAL SON

A Comedy in One Act

*By Raymond M. Robinson*

Two male, three female characters. Costumes modern; scenery, an easy interior. Plays half an hour. A very original and amusing bit of fooling, easy to do and sure to please. The leading character is a tramp and full of opportunity. Well recommended.

*Price, 15 cents*



---

## New Farces

---

### THE ELOPEMENT OF ELLEN

#### A Farce Comedy in Three Acts

*By Marie J. Warren*

Four males, three females. Costumes modern; scenery, one interior and one exterior. Plays an hour and a half. A bright and ingenious little play, admirably suited for amateur acting. Written for and originally produced by Wellesley College girls. Strongly recommended.

*Price, 25 cents*

### TOMMY'S WIFE

#### A Farce in Three Acts

*By Marie J. Warren*

Three males, five females. Costumes modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays an hour and a half. Originally produced by students of Wellesley College. A very original and entertaining play, distinguished by abundant humor. An unusually clever piece, strongly recommended.

*Price, 25 cents*

### ALL CHARLEY'S FAULT

#### An Original Farce in Two Acts

*By Anthony E. Wills*

Six males, three females. Scenery, an easy interior; costumes modern. Plays two hours. A very lively and laughable piece, full of action and admirably adapted for amateur performance. Dutch and Negro comedy characters. Plays very rapidly with lots of incident and not a dull moment. Free for amateurs, but professional stage rights are reserved by the author. Strongly recommended.

*Price, 15 cents*

### OUT OF TOWN

#### A Comedy in Three Acts

*By Bell Elliot Palmer*

Three males, five females. Scene, an interior, the same for all three acts; costumes modern. Plays an hour and a half. A clever and interesting comedy, very easy to produce and recommended for amateur performance. Tone high and atmosphere refined. All the parts good. A safe piece for a fastidious audience, as its theme and treatment are alike beyond reproach.

*Price, 25 cents*



---

## New Plays

---

### THE GOVERNMENT DETECTIVE

A Play in Four Acts

By Bernard Francis Moore

*Author of "Belle the Typewriter Girl," "Brother Against Brother," "The Moonshiner's Daughter," etc.*

Eight males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, four interiors. Plays two hours. A highly spiced melodrama suitable for performance by young folks or by their elders who like plenty of excitement. Easy and thrilling, like all the plays by this author.

*Price, 25 cents*

#### CHARACTERS

CAPTAIN WILBUR FOSTER, *a government detective; under the assumed name of Paul Gray, a retired banker.*

JOHN ARNOLD, *the captain of a secret band of criminals.*

MARTIN JACKSON, *a wealthy young man.*

ALEXANDER ADAMS, *warden of the Jefferson Prison.*

NICK MORTON, *Foster's assistant.*

JAMES ARMSTRONG, *a retired capitalist.*

EDWIN RAY, *his nephew.*

PETER, *a clerk at the prison.*

MRS. LAURA MARSTON, *a young widow and John's sister.*

CLARA ARMSTRONG, *James' daughter and heiress.*

EFFIE JACKSON, *Martin's sister.*

MARY, *a servant.*

### A PECK OF TROUBLE

A Comedy in One Act

By Alice C. Thompson

Five females. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays twenty minutes. A capital little play for young girls in or out of school; clean, bright and easy to get up.

*Price, 15 cents*

### MUCH TOO SUDDEN

A Comedy in One Act

By Alice C. Thompson

Seven females. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays thirty minutes. Mrs. Alston is a fond mother who cannot see that her daughters have grown up until they and all the rest of the world are aware of it. Her awakening is very funny. Clean and bright. Recommended for schools.

*Price, 15 cents*



---

# New Plays

---

## COUNTRY FOLKS

A Comedy-Drama in Three Acts

By Anthony E. Wills

Author of "*Our Wives*," "*A Regiment of Two*,"  
"*Liberty Corners*," etc.

Six males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior. Plays two and a quarter hours. An effective and up-to-date play of American country life well suited for amateur performance. All the parts good and fairly even in point of opportunity; the ladies' parts especially so. Easy to stage, and well suited for school performance. Well recommended.

Price, 25 cents

### CHARACTERS

JOSIAH DEAN, *an old farmer.*

MARTHA DEAN, *his wife.*

NATHANIEL DEAN, } *their children.*

POLLY DEAN, }

LORNA LANE, *a seamstress.*

OZIAS SCHUYLER, *the postmaster.*

PRUDENCE SCHUYLER, *his daughter.*

PETER PATCH, *the chore boy.*

HORATIO FINCH, *a country lawyer.*

ALVINA BERRY, *a neighbor.*

JAKE DIEMER, *the village barber.*

### SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Home of Josiah Dean. Summer.

ACT II.—The same. One year later.

ACT III.—The same. A month later.

## THE ROSE AND THE RING

*Adapted from Thackeray's Christmas Pantomime*

By F. B. Greenough

Sixteen males, five females. Costumes, fantastic; scenery, one interior, two exteriors, all unimportant. Plays an hour and three-quarters. A wonderfully ingenious and effective stage version of this charming classic, ideally suited for school performance. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

## COHEN'S DIVORCE

A Sketch in One Act

By G. M. Rosener

For two male characters, Hebrew and straight. Costumes, eccentric; any scenery will answer. Plays twenty minutes. Good character talk and very funny business; can be made very effective.

Price, 15 cents



---

# Novelties

---

## SCENES IN A RESTAURANT

An Entertainment in One Act

By *Jessie A. Kelley*

*Author of "Our Church Fair," "The Village Post-Office,"  
"Miss Prim's Kindergarten," etc.*

Fifteen males, ten females. Costumes modern; scenery unimportant. Plays one hour. A humorous presentation of what happens every day in the average restaurant, hitting everybody right where they live. Sure to be popular. All parts good; lots of incident and chances for local hits. Can be recommended.

*Price, 25 cents*

### CHARACTERS

Mr. Jones, *head waiter.*

Jennie } *waitresses.*  
Mary }

Mr. Rice, *a mean man.*

Mr. Foss, *who has a plan.*

Mrs. Brett.

Mrs. Dacey.

Mrs. Slack, *deaf, middle-aged, and stout.*

Miss Drew.

Mr. Rich } *actors.*  
Mr. Jackson }

Reuben Grass, *from the country.*

Mandy Clover, *his best girl.*

Mrs. Smiley, *an indulgent mother.*

Maud, *her daughter; a spoiled child.*

Beggar.

Mr. Delaney } *drummers.*  
Mr. Hazelton }

Mr. Hall, *a health crank.*

James, *his servant.*

Mr. Monroe, *a chronic kicker.*

Hiram Greenback, *from way back.*

Mary Ann, *his wife.*

Mr. Casey

Mr. Mahoney } *right from Ireland.*

## FUN IN A THEATRICAL OFFICE

A Vaudeville Entertainment

By *Maravene Kennedy Thompson*

Seven males, sixteen females. Costumes modern; scenery unimportant. Plays a full evening. A complete vaudeville entertainment in itself or can be used as the frame for other specialties; a "go-as-you-please" show, very elastic and adaptable to all places and circumstances. A big hit in its original performance. Strongly recommended.

*Price, 25 cents*

### CHARACTERS

Luke Loud, *a theatrical agent.*

Bat, *his office boy.*

Clara Vere De Vere, *his stenographer.*

Orchestra Carr, *his pianist.*

### Ladies

Mrs. Susan Suffreno Riser.

Mrs. Trailing Arbutus Flower, *and her  
thirteen children.*

Miss Anise Elderbloom.

Frisky Dewdrop.

Fluffy Flutter.

Madame Sylva.

Mrs. Bridget Casey.

Mrs. Rulethe Roost.

Two ladies *for sketch introduced.*

Mme. Carmencita.

"Peach" Ott.

Ruby Ott.

Goldie

Birdie } *the Coquette Sisters*  
Queenie }

### VAUDEVILLE ARTISTS

#### Gentlemen

Pietro De Bianaco.

George Washington Lincoln.

Jan Getupangitski.

Reuben Haskins.



---

---

## New Plays

---

### THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

A Comedy in Five Acts

*By William Shakespeare*

Arranged for School Performance

Thirteen male, three female characters. Costumes appropriate ; scenery of no importance. Plays two hours. An arrangement of this well-known play for schools, simplified so far as possible in its division into scenes, and cut and rearranged for the use of male actors only, so far as this is possible. The rollicking fun of this play has been too long disregarded, and its great suitability for school performance by boys will be at once seen. Some care will be called for in the matter of costuming it, but this labor will be well repaid.

*Price, 15 cents*

### FARO NELL

A Vaudeville Sketch in One Act

*By Willis Steell*

Six male, one female characters. Costumes, Mexican and frontier ; scenery, a picturesque interior. Plays twenty minutes. A very effective dramatic sketch with a star part for a woman. Has been used professionally in vaudeville. Good character and strong situations ; can be strongly recommended either for professional use in vaudeville or for private performance. Professional acting rights reserved.

*Price, 15 cents*

### MOR'D ALICE

A Vaudeville Sketch in One Act

*By Marion Roger Fawcett*

One male, two female characters. Costumes modern ; scene, an easy interior. Plays fifteen minutes. A very slight but pretty and effective mingling of pathos and humor for an eccentric soubrette. Can be recommended.

*Price, 15 cents*

### THE ALARM

A Vaudeville Sketch in One Act

*By Marion Roger Fawcett*

Two male characters who double two other parts. Costumes modern ; scene, an easy interior. A very dramatic sketch for a man, with a situation of much power and pathos. Recommended.

*Price, 15 cents*



---

# New Plays

---

## THE COLONEL'S MAID

A Comedy in Three Acts

By C. Leona Dairymple

*Author of "The Time of His Life," "The Land of Night," etc.*

Six males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening. An exceptionally bright and amusing comedy, full of action; all the parts good. Capital Chinese low comedy part; two first-class old men. This is a very exceptional piece and can be strongly recommended.

*Price, 25 cents*

### CHARACTERS

COLONEL ROBERT RUDD, a widower of } North Carolina	} mortally antagonistic.
COLONEL RICHARD BYRD, a widower } of South Carolina	
MARJORIE BYRD } BOB RUDD }	} not so antagonistic as their respective fathers.
MRS. J. JOHN CARROLL, a widow, and Colonel Rudd's sister-in-law.	
JULIA CARROLL, her daughter.	
NED GRAYDON, a young gentleman of exceedingly faulty memory.	
MR. JAMES BASKOM, Colonel Rudd's lawyer.	
CHING-AH-LING, the Chinese cook, a bit impertinent but by far the most important individual in the cast.	

### SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Early morning in the kitchen of the Rudd bachelor establishment.

ACT II.—The Rudd library, five days later.

ACT III.—The same. Evening of the same day.

## BREAKING THE ENGAGEMENT

A Farce in One Act

By W. C. Parker

Two males, one female. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays twenty minutes. A quick playing little piece suitable for vaudeville use. Very bright and snappy and strongly recommended.

*Price, 15 cents*

## A PAPER MATCH

A Farce in One Act

By E. W. Burt, M. D.

Two males, two females. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays thirty-five minutes. Four rustic characters, all good. The heroine advertises for a husband and gets her aunt's old beau to their mutual horror. Very funny, easy and effective.

*Price, 15 cents*



---

## New Publications

---

### THE PROSPECTOR

A Comedy in Three Acts

*By Willis Steell*

Six male, two female characters. Costumes modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two hours. A compact little comedy of American business life of the popular type. Its small cast naturally gives good opportunity to all its few characters, its story is sympathetic, its action brisk, its dialogue good, and its character-drawing effective. Strongly recommended to such as are in want of a short cast and easy production. Professional stage-rights reserved. Royalty for amateur performance ten dollars (\$ 10.00) for each performance.

*Price, 50 cents*

#### CHARACTERS

TOM PRESTON, *the prospector*.

WALTER SHEDE (*pronounced Sha-dy*).

ROBERT EMMETT MCGOWAN.

CHARLTON, *of the Charlton Construction Co.*

DR. MANNING.

MR. JENKS, *an agent*.

FELICIA KELSO.

KATE CAREW.

### THE GRAND DICKENS COSMORAMA

Comprising several unique entertainments capable of  
being used separately or in combination,  
for school, home or hall

*By George B. Bartlett*

Strongly recommended as a Dickens entertainment for its variety of material and comprehensiveness. Its elasticity in the matter of scale fits it for the use of either large or small occasions.

*Price, 25 cents*

### COBWEBS

A Juvenile Operetta in Three Acts

*By Elizabeth P. Goodrich*

Two male, four female characters. Scenery, all interiors, but of small importance; costumes to suggest insects, but easily arranged. Plays an hour and a half. A very pretty little operetta for children, easily gotten up. The music is original and is published complete with the text in one volume. Can be recommended.

*Price, 25 cents*



# H. W. Pinero's Plays

Price, 50 Cents Each

---

**MID-CHANNEL** Play in Four Acts. Six males, five females.  
Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors.  
Plays two and a half hours.

**THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH** Drama in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interiors. Plays a full evening.

**THE PROFLIGATE** Play in Four Acts. Seven males, five females. Scenery, three interiors, rather elaborate; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

**THE SCHOOLMISTRESS** Farce in Three Acts. Nine males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

**THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY** Play in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

**SWEET LAVENDER** Comedy in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Scene, a single interior, costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

**THE THUNDERBOLT** Comedy in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Scenery, three interiors; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

**THE TIMES** Comedy in Four Acts. Six males, seven females. Scene, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

**THE WEAKER SEX** Comedy in Three Acts. Eight males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening.

**A WIFE WITHOUT A SMILE** Comedy in Three Acts. Five males, four females. Costumes, modern; scene, a single interior. Plays a full evening.

---

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

**Walter H. Baker & Company**

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts





# The William Warren Edition of Plays

Price, 15 Cents Each

**AS YOU LIKE IT** Comedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

**CAMILLE** Drama in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

**INGOMAR** Play in Five Acts. Thirteen males, three females. Scenery varied; costumes, Greek. Plays a full evening.

**MARY STUART** Tragedy in Five Acts. Thirteen males, four females, and supernumeraries. Costumes, of the period; scenery, varied and elaborate. Plays a full evening.

**THE MERCHANT OF VENICE** Comedy in Five Acts. Seventeen males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery varied. Plays a full evening.

**RICHELIEU** Play in Five Acts. Fifteen males, two females. Scenery elaborate; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

**THE RIVALS** Comedy in Five Acts. Nine males, five females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

**SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER** Comedy in Five Acts. Fifteen males, four females. Scenery varied; costumes of the period. Plays a full evening.

**TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL** Comedy in Five Acts. Ten males, three females. Costumes, picturesque; scenery, varied. Plays a full evening.

Sent prepaid on receipt of price by

**Walter H. Baker & Company**

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts